

## WOOLLEY HITS RUM DEMON

(From Wednesday Advertiser.)

The Hawaiian Evangelical Association heard an address on the liquor question last night by Hon. John G. Woolley at Central Union church. The meeting was presided over by Rev. O. H. Gulick, with Rev. Messrs. Nakama as interpreters. Mr. Woolley said:

Escaped convicts from one of the penal settlements in Australia brought the liquor business into the Hawaiian Islands about a hundred years ago.

These men and been found guilty of crime in England and sentenced to be hanged beyond the sea on the ground that they were not fit to be at large in the land of their birth.

In pursuance of that sentence they had been driven, like dangerous animals, on board of prison ships, carried under guard to Australia, put to penal servitude on a chain-gang during the day and locked up in cells at night.

Unfortunately for the Hawaiian people, they escaped and made their way to these islands, where, as befitted their character and their history, they proceeded to open up the meanest line of business that perverted ingenuity has ever devised—that of bruising the sweet fruit of the earth, setting it aside to putrify, and then distilling alcoholic drink from the death-sweat of the good gifts of God.

The business so established straightway and steadfastly justified the moral character of its authorship by producing other convicts, and more convicts than all other agencies that have worked together or separately upon these lovely shores.

There was immediately a great increase of quarrels and fighting. Whole villages were submerged in drunkenness and vice; and everywhere that the convict merchandise extended quick degradation followed in its train.

The scourges of measles, smallpox, cholera, were terrible in their day; but they ran their course and ended in recovery or death. But this convict distillery neither got well nor killed—it only made men crazy, cruel, quarrelsome, contemptible; and it went from bad to worse.

Cholera tortured and killed only those who had it; the convict sickness tortured those who did not have it. When a man gets drunk, it is his wife and his child that pay the bulk of the penalty.

Thus the convicts laid the whole community under tribute—the sick and the well, the foul and the clean, the cruel and the gentle. The drink had probably made these fugitives from justice what they were, and they passed on the curse to the Hawaiians.

The great Kamehameha then was King, and he was no soft-hearted missionary. Death did not make him afraid. The sight of blood did not make him sick. But the convict epidemic made him anxious. The sight of his people, crazed and besotted by the new disease, put him in fear.

When he realized what the matter was, he placed the tabu on the convict product. Then good health and good order came again.

But not for long; he died soon afterward, and his son called off the tabu. The new reign began amid scenes of drunken revelry and vice and crime, that baffled all description fit for decent ears.

Since that time the seed sown by the convicts has never ceased to grow and ripen, to its dreadful harvest. And in all that hundred years that business has done not one good thing for any man or any family.

It has filled the pockets of a few white men with unclean and unbecomable profits while riveting the iron collar of abject poverty on thousands of natives.

It has clothed the wives of liquor dealers in silk and fine muslin while robbing thousands of native women of any hope or chance of luxury at all.

It has bought books and toys and ponies for the liquor-seller's children while cheating thousands of native children of any possibility of such delights.

It has housed the liquor-sellers in comfort and elegance while it has co-operated with the greedy money-lender to cheat the native out of his little kuleana.

It has spared no rank or condition. The history of the Hawaiian common people is relatively less tragic, in the story of the drink, than the record of the Hawaiian Kings.

In every tribe and every nation the wilful or negligent killing of the king is a treason and the penalty of it is death. But the liquor traffic in Hawaii was a king-slayer almost from the first. Yet it has outlived the monarchy itself, and then the republic; and today, after the treason of a hundred years, it holds its grip on every island in the group.

Nor does it spare the liquor-seller. He has money and he takes his ease, but no money has such low purchasing power as his. He can not buy a well-some for his fine house in the best neighborhood. He can not buy off the blush of shame that flies to his daughter's face when a schoolmate asks her what her father's business is. He can not buy for his wife a happy pride at the way he makes his living.

Eighty years ago the first criminal code was enacted in Hawaii. Note the list of crimes that first and most threatened the safety of the people: murder, theft, retailing ardent spirits, Sabbath-breaking and gambling. Liquor-selling, in the midst of the crimes and the accomplice of them all.

This statute put the liquor business into the same class with its authors, as a convict; and the Queen Regent, Kamehameha, and, later, Kamehameha III, together with the best and greatest chiefs, did what they could to keep it in the class where it originated and belonged.

But the thing that was a crime in the islands was one of the great commercial interests of Europe and America. French wines and brandies were forced upon the helpless community at the muzzles of French cannon. British brewers and distillers left no market unexploited. And even America, for every missionary sent into the Pacific islands to civilize and Christianize them, sent some thirty thousand gallons of New England rum to impoverish and brutalize them.

But while the volume and the power

of the liquor trade were increasing in the centers and outskirts of commerce the character and trend of the business were showing up more plainly and more plainly everywhere.

For such enlightenment the little countries, like Hawaii, where all the social machinery could be seen, were startling object lessons. What the drink habit would do for a Hawaiian, whose mind was uninformed, whose conscience was undeveloped, and whose will was untrained, was so clear that everybody could see and understand it.

Gradually, in every country, thoughtful people realized that precisely what the drink was doing in Hawaii it was doing more and more among the ignorant and weak and poor of Europe and America.

A vague but general horror of the business fastened itself in the public consciousness, and the great court of public opinion tried and condemned it, as a corrupter of the youth, a violator of the home and a fouler of the springs of elvish power.

Then the high-license policy was adopted and the liquor business became an escaped convict in America, and began to apologize for its existence. That marked the point of its departure from the world of legitimate business and looked it for criminality, without a return ticket.

It continues to exist and to thrive, but on terms that no self-respecting enterprise would accept for a moment. It is not for me to deny that the liquor seller has conscience. He certainly has ability and industry. But his pride is gone. The first step he takes toward opening up his place, is to confess that he is not to be trusted like other merchants, that what he proposes to do is beneath the dignity of a free man; that as a citizen he is to be suspected and hampered and watched; that to accommodate his output, additional police and more jail-room will be required; that his location near a school-house would be a contamination; that his location near a church would be an insult to religion; that his location in the market would be an outrage on the poor; that his word, to obey the law, is not good without a bond; that, for the right to call himself a business man among business men, he must pay heavily, and come up every year like a ticket-of-leave man, and submit himself to be checked off on the roll of dangerous citizens. He makes his money easily, but his business pays an awful price in money and in reputation, for recognition among its betters.

While the liquor business was reaping its first repulsive harvest in Hawaii, the missionaries came; and from that day to this, the Church has led the forces of decency and progress; and the saloon has led the guerrillas of indecency and failure.

The missionaries were by no means perfect, and the liquor dealers were by no means destitute of good impulses, or barren of good deeds. But by so much as the Church has been successful, the Hawaiians have been uplifted, and by so much as the saloon has prospered, the Hawaiian people have been debased.

Before the missionaries came, the common people were nothing; the kings were everything. But, under missionary teaching, the kings have been made common-people, and the common-people have been made kings. And if in the old days when the king's word was law, the public good demanded sober subjects, how much more now, when the government is upon their shoulders, should citizens abstain for their own sake, the sake of their families, their territory, their country, the world?

I am not intimating that the Hawaiians have made little of their opportunities. On the contrary, they have done wonderfully well. But, in common with the older nations whose culture came earlier and whose opportunities were greater, they have been content to see the strong make all the progress, while the weak went to the wall.

Relatively, these islands have made as good progress as the mainland to which they now belong, in individual sobriety. But both the islands and the mainland have put too little accent on the protection and elevation of the masses, and, thus, have left the weak and the defective in the lurch.

Three-quarters of a century ago, when Kuakini was governor of Oahu, a native temperance society was organized in Honolulu, with a thousand members, under this pledge:

"First. We will not drink ardent spirits for pleasure.

"Second. We will not deal in ardent spirits for the sake of gain.

"Third. We will not engage in distilling ardent spirits.

"Fourth. We will not treat our relatives, acquaintances, or strangers with ardent spirits.

"Fifth. We will not give ardent spirits to workmen on account of their labor."

It is an excellent pledge, in substance and in form, so far as hard liquors are concerned. The beer-keg had not then become the terror of the liquor world. But naturally, it is a pledge for the well-disposed, and the strong. The people were not then the rulers of the nation. The government was the king; and the king was at the mercy of the drink-selling nations.

The abstainers did set a good example, and they have left their mark upon the community, in prosperous estates and capable descendants. But more than that was necessary. The shore was lined with men who set a bad example, and the saloon, more aggressive than the temperance society, gathered to itself the waifs and strays and wayward of the people; for it was easy to evade the law prohibiting the sale of drink to natives; and, gradually, the elements of evil got the whip-hand, politically.

The insolence of the liquor trade increased, as its success increased. In 1882 it demanded a free hand to exploit the natives, as well as the whites, and the demand was granted.

When the American flag went up at the palace, the beer-makers considered that the effect of the ceremony was to annex the islands to the American brewery, and it seemed to be even so, for the American brewery was a thing of mighty power in the states.

Then the Hawaiian liquor problem became simply the American liquor problem, in which individual interest, local pride and national patriotism are equally involved.

But a great thing was happening in the states. The Christian people had begun to realize that they were beaten by the saloon, in the field of moral suasion, and that they had been outwitted from the first, for lack of polit-

## A BETTER ROAD FOR PINEAPPLES

Two thousand tons of pineapples will be hauled over the road leading from Papakoa pineapple tract to the Waimea railroad station, and owing to the rough state of the road at present the pines are injured in transit.

H. G. Ginnac on behalf of the Papakoa settlers has written from Maunaloa to Mayor Fern asking for immediate and necessary assistance in repairing the road. The pines will be hauled over the road for the next five months. Even with the use of spring wagons and careful driving the fruit will be injured. Then portions of the road are exceedingly narrow and more road is needed for turning out places.

This road is in the Koolauloa district of which Manager Adams of Kahuku plantation is the road overseer. If the road is improved the expense will be borne out of Koolauloa's monthly road appropriation from the county funds. A. A. Wilson, the contractor, is now working on a territorial road in the vicinity and there is a possibility that the repairs could be done under contract, as he has his entire road-making plant on hand.

Christians benevolence, acting on impulse, in work that seemed all but hopeless, at its own expense was bound to lose, in competition with consolidated corporations, doing work that was almost embarrassingly easy, and brought a steady stream of riches to their hand.

The Church, that was closed six days in the week, and nearly seven, had no chance, in competition with the saloon that never closed.

The people were beginning to see the folly of legalizing the liquor business and then preaching, working and praying that it might get no business to do.

They were beginning to see that the effect of laying a special burden on the liquor business was only to distinguish it with special importance and stimulate it to special pains and superlative ability. The high-license treatment of the saloon practically amounted to the administration of oxygen, at public expense, to a rival athlete.

It made no difference to the liquor dealer how high his license was, for the drinker paid it—the drinker and his family, and his neighbors.

"The people began, everywhere, to say, 'the saloon must go,' and they began to vote it out, by precincts, town, counties and states, with congress, not too willingly, cooperating.

This new, sane, stimulating, successful movement is at flood tide, on the mainland. In 1908, eleven thousand saloons were closed by the votes of the people. Eight states of the Union have formed a new sisterhood, to remove the tag from the public virtue, and refuse to sell it, or compromise it, at any price. Nine other states are about to join them. From Alaska to Florida, and from Massachusetts to Hawaii, the liquor problem has been taken up, as politics, by the people. The politicians seek to evade the issue, and crooked officials seek to nullify it. But the people are right, and the people rule. The liquor traffic howls and repents and begs for a chance to reform. But it will not get it. It is incapable of it. The only cure for the saloon is no saloon.

The reputable press is with the people. The liquor business has victims and servants and mercenaries, but it has no friends.

Hawaii has felt the mighty movement feebly and slowly, but she has caught it at last, and Hawaiian voters are face to face with the best chance they ever had, to show their quality. They did show it, in the last session of the House of Representatives, and that was only a beginning. Hawaiian men will rise to the protection of their people. The present licensing commission will make substantial progress. And there is very good reason to believe that the next session of Congress will put the islands under prohibition, for the good of the army, the navy, the territory and the world, if the Hawaiian people only say the word.

**The Resolution.**

And as a delegate to this convention I now offer the following resolution, for such action as you see fit to take:

Resolved, That the Hawaiian Evangelical Association convened in its eighty-seventh annual meeting, at the city of Honolulu, this first day of June, A. D. 1909, representing one hundred churches with a membership of over seven thousand and a budget of more than \$50,000 annually, in aid of churches, schools and social settlements, earnestly petitions Congress to prohibit the manufacture, importation, transportation, sale, giving away or furnishing of any intoxicating liquors, malt, fermented, vinous or spirituous, for beverage purposes, in the Territory of Hawaii, as originally provided in the Organic Act; notwithstanding the fact that the liquor traffic for such purposes is, at present, permitted by the Territorial statutes; for the reason that the presence in the Territory of an alien population of over one hundred thousand, and of large bodies of non-voting soldiers and sailors, makes it impossible for the small body of Hawaiian and white citizens—not exceeding 14,000 voters—adequately to police a trade so pernicious in its tendencies and so incorrigibly lawless in its character.

Though the prohibition of opium smoking in the Peking Court has been promulgated by the Prince Regent some time ago, the restriction has not been strictly observed by Court officials. An official in the Imperial Household has been ordered by the Empress Dowager to find out those offenders in order to be visited with severe punishment.

## DUPLICATE OF LOCAL GHOST

The many Honoluluans who were interested in the ghostly manifestations in the "haunted house" on Punchbowl, a few months ago, will be equally interested in the following account of alleged occurrences in a Wisconsin town, occurrences which duplicate very closely those which are reputed to have occurred here. It is of interest also to note that the one credited with the "manifestations" in Wisconsin is a child, as were the Punchbowl "doings," credited to "the beautiful Spanish girl," a child.

The report from Wisconsin, which follows, is published under a Superior Wisconsin, date line of May 15, and says:

The little village of Mount Horeb, Wis., of which few persons outside of the state probably had heard until recently, has attained a distinct position on the map through the uncanny attributes accredited to an eleven-year-old boy.

He is James Henry Brophy, grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Knut Lund of Mount Horeb, pioneer Norwegian settlers in the town of Springdale, where they had lived for fifty years until they moved to Mount Horeb a year ago.

The boy is known variously as "the wonderful child medium," and the "Mount Horeb child of mystery," according as the narrator is a believer in or is skeptical of the cult of spiritualism. He is a mixture of Irish and Norwegian, his mother being Mrs. Patrick L. Trainer of Madison by a former marriage.

He is a pretty child, with fine hazel eyes and curly brown hair. His features are delicate, almost girlish, and his pale, oval face suggests a sensitive mentality. He would be noticed in a crowd because of a certain flower-like beauty and shyness.

**Household Thrown Into Panic.**

The first uncanny happening occurred March 9, when, as the boy entered the kitchen of his home, a snowball came flying out of space, struck him in the middle of the back, and knocked him flat on the floor. There is a wide open lot on that side of the house, and there was not a soul in sight outside. Precisely the same thing happened the following day when the boy came from school.

The next evening a series of events put the household in a panic. Cups flew from the table and broke; a lamp chimney was shattered, and the spool of thread on the sewing machine began to unravel rapidly of its own volition.

The boy's grandfather became distracted with terror. News of the strange events spread rapidly.

The next day there was a funeral in the village, which the boy's mother attended, afterward spending the night at the home of her parents. That night things were particularly nimble, and some of the neighbors were sent for to compose grandfather Lund, who was on the verge of collapse.

The Rev. Mr. Mostrom, with Sam Thompson, another respected citizen, responded to the call, but as soon as Mr. Mostrom entered the sitting room a Bible which was on the table flopped over twice and fell to the floor at his feet.

"There," exclaimed the old couple, "you see how it is."

The clergyman tried to explain matters rationally, and finally sat down at the organ to play a hymn. Meanwhile, Mr. Thompson was sitting about three feet from the table, with the boy on his knee, when the boy suddenly exclaimed: "Look out."

Instantly a big carving knife, which had been on the table, flew through the air and stuck in the floor in front of them. The boy could not have touched it, Mr. Thompson says. The same phenomena occurred with a hatpin.

Mr. Thompson and the minister owned up afterward that they could not sleep for hours that night.

**200 Visitors See Wreckage.**

For several days such events continued to happen. People from the village and surrounding country began to flock to the house, until one night, it is said, 200 visitors went through the rooms to see what would happen.

There were no manifestations, however, when the crowd was there, though all could see the wreckage that had been wrought in the rooms, where pictures and china and glassware had fallen from their anchorage and broken on the floor.

Some of the citizens finally declared that the house, which was equipped with electric lights and telephone, had become electrified, causing the disturbance. Accordingly, two well-known citizens went to the house one night, and, despite the protests of the family, who feared to be left in darkness, had the electric wires disconnected.

This failed to effect any reform, however. The boy, finally becoming suspected either of possessing unusual powers or marvelous sleight-of-hand abilities, was sent to the home of his uncle, Andrew Lund, in Springdale.

As soon as he entered his uncle's house a pail of water in the kitchen went spinning over the floor, upsetting its contents. A spooky night followed. All sorts of household utensils apparently went on a spree, and this paved the way for the manifestations.

"You had better take down that looking glass," said the boy to his uncle soon after he arrived. His uncle laughed, but soon afterward the mirror fell with a crash.

As in Mount Horeb, country people came in droves to see the boy.

A neighboring boy, who came over to play marbles with Henry, was so terrified by the queer antics of the marbles that he ran home and told his mother about it. He said that when it became his turn to shoot he was utterly unable to guide the direction of the marbles, which would fly directly from his fingers into Henry's pocket. Also, he said, when Henry shot, the marble would stop short when going swiftly and fly back to the shooter.

Andrew Lund declared, too, that the boy would sit on a chair with a cigar box containing marbles in his lap and that the marbles would jump out of the box without the boy touching them.

Finally it was decided to send the boy to a specialist for an opinion, and he was sent to Dr. George Kingsbury of Madison, who observed him closely

## Studying the Mosquito

By Frederic J. Haakins.

Since the famous yellow fever commission, headed by Dr. Walter Reed, succeeded in laying at the door of the mosquito the responsibility for the spread of yellow fever, that saucy little insect has had its home and its habits pried into on every hand, and in ten years the world has learned more about it than in all the generations before. And still the scientist is not satisfied with what he has learned of it, but is studying with more determination than ever. A few decades ago men knew that there were only a few species, or tribes of mosquitos. Now they know 400 species, and the end is not yet.

One of the most interesting additions to our knowledge of the mosquito is that just given out by the Smithsonian Institution, which is the result of the investigations made by August Busck of the mosquito life along the Panama canal. By patient search, covering the end of one dry season and the beginning of the following rainy season, he was able to get together 90 different kinds of them. Some of them were good, others were bad, and a few were indifferent. The good ones seemed to make a business of eating the young of the bad ones while the indifferent ones did no more harm than to bite whenever opportunity offered. Thirty of the species he found were entirely new to science, and it is his opinion that continued search would reveal still others. But even the present knowledge of the isthmian mosquito shows more different species in that territory than in any other territory of equal size in the world.

There are three kinds of mosquitos which are most familiar to the layman, just as the Smith, Brown and Jones families are said to be the most numerous in the English-speaking world. The most familiar of the mosquito families is the Culex. There are dozens of different branches of this family, but the kinship is not so remote but that the entomologist can trace the likeness. This Culex family of mosquitos is a very reputable one. Of course it bites, and is very bothersome at times, but yet it has never been convicted of any high crimes and misdemeanors, such, for instance, as the spread of disease.

Next to the Culexes are the Anopheles. There is but little to be said in their behalf, though they are able to put up a pretty defense. They are the carriers of the malaria germ. Science has not made out a good case against the whole family, and it appears that there are some of them which do not deserve the opprobrium that the sufferer from chills and fever hurls at the whole tribe. But the most of them do spread malaria. They, however, take a different view of the situation. From their standpoint it is man that gives them malaria, and they only return it with interest.

It happens this way. Here is a splendid looking specimen of the mosquito kind—a female always. She happens to meet with a person on her travels, and she concludes to suck a little blood. She never heard of such a thing as malaria, and the person does not advise her of the fact that he has it. The result is a sick mosquito, suffering from malaria. She loafs around awhile, nursing herself back to health, and when she gets well enough to travel about again, she gets a thirst for human gore once more, and bites some other person. She has a little saw and spear with which she attacks him, and in order to aid in the extraction of the blood she puts a little saliva into the wound she makes. It so happens that in this saliva is the germ that she caught from biting the other person, and in this way the second person gets it. When this germ lands into the second human body it attacks the red corpuscles in the blood. The germ multiplies, with lightning rapidity, and the chills and fever follow the breaking of the corpuscles asunder in great numbers.

The third family, known to the layman, is the Stegomyia. This is the family that is responsible for the spread of yellow fever. Some of the members are probably innocent, but the whole family has been put under the ban. This family constitutes the aristocracy of the mosquito world. These mosquitos wish no mud puddles for their homes, no dwelling places in swamps. They want fashionable quarters near human beings. They want clean quarters, too. These quarters must be rain barrels, vases, idle water buckets and such places. They like to live in people's houses, and to adjust their habits to those of the household, while the Anopheles family insist on coming around after bedtime.

The health of each member of the Stegomyia family is always good until one happens to bite some person who has yellow fever. Through drinking this sick person's blood, it gets a germ into its little inside that makes it sick. This germ eats through the walls of the mosquito's stomach and plays other bad tricks. At the end of 12 days that germ has become a live wire, even though it is so fine that the best microscope fails to reveal it. When an infected mosquito wants another dinner of human blood and bites a person, it hands back the germ it inadvertently took from the yellow

fever patient it had bitten before. This germ does not attack the red corpuscles like the malaria germ, but reveals in the liquid part instead, with even more fatal effects. The Stegomyia defends itself by showing that never in the history of its race did it give yellow fever to man until man had first given the disease to it. And it would take a judge wise enough to tell which came first, the egg or the hen, to decide whether man first gave yellow fever to the mosquito or the mosquito to man.

The male mosquito is something of a musician, and if you want to see him all attention make a sound of his vibrations to the second, and he will begin to dance around with the grace of a peacock. That is the tone in which his mate calls him. A Southern electrician some years ago accidentally learned about this trait of the mosquito. He was experimenting with a harmonic telegraph instrument. The moment the instrument reached a certain pitch every male mosquito within hearing distance came hot foot to the scene, but the sound had no attractions for the females.

It is said that the Culex females always mediate awhile before biting, but that the Anopheles go right into the bloody work with the air of a surgeon who would have it quickly over. It is contended that the fact that the male mosquito never bites is not to be attributed to any particular forbearance or goodness of heart, but rather to the fact that his head is not properly equipped for bloodsucking on a satisfactory scale. Some of the recent investigators even go so far as to believe that it is an acquired habit with the female and not a natural one. It will be remembered that there is a wild bird which learns to kill sheep after long association with the shepherd's flocks. So it is with the female mosquitos, according to these investigators. These insects first learn to suck liquids from the eyes of animals and then acquire the habit of going beneath the skin. In many instances, it is asserted, they acquire their taste for blood by making a dinner in fresh wounds. They have a little bulb in their proboscis like a fountain pen filler, and draw the blood with that.

Some mosquitos will bite one person and show a distaste for another. Experiments have shown that the average male mosquito is fond of beer and wine, while the female will have nothing to do with such things. The male is essentially a vegetarian.

Unless Isaac Weld were qualifying for membership in the Ananias club, George Washington lost his reputation for veracity when discussing the mosquito. Weld declares in his "Travels Through North America" that George Washington told him that, of a truth, he had encountered mosquitos which were able to bite through the thickest boot. As this was in the campaigns around New York and in New Jersey some will still believe that the Father of his Country was not exaggerating even there.

The department of agriculture has recently issued a new bulletin on the economic losses caused by insect pests. The mosquito has its character blackened in that report to such an extent as to constitute criminal libel. Not only is it charged with being responsible for much disease and suffering, with heavy economic losses attendant thereupon, but the assertion is made that it retards the development of states and nations, and has caused the decline and decay of other nations. It is charged that vast areas around New York, which would otherwise be beehives of industry and thrift, are held under the dominion of the mosquito and made as uninhabitable to humanity as the bleakest peak in the Rocky Mountains. In other places they have so annoyed the cows that the milk supply ran short and left the dairyman a bankrupt. At Sheephead bay they annoyed the race horses so much that the track authorities spent thousands of dollars in banishing them from that section. One writer declares that New Jersey taxable values are \$10,000,000 below what they would be if it were not for the mosquito. Another believes that the introduction of malaria into Greece was largely responsible for the progressive physical degeneration of one of the strongest races of history. Still another asserts that half of Italy is rendered more or less inhospitable to mankind because of the malarial mosquito.

And so the indictment runs. Charged with causing the death of more than 300,000 American citizens every decade, and with bringing about 3,000,000 cases of malaria every year, all of it resulting in an economic loss large enough to maintain the whole American army year in and year out, the Anopheles family stands a good prospect of being banished forever by the court of enlightened opinion, and the "evil night air" will be robbed of its terrors. There are fish that have an appetite for the larvae of malarial mosquitos greater than that of a ferret for the blood of a rat. In the island of Barbados these fish have effectively kept the malarial mosquito from multiplying. America will probably import many such fish within the next few years, and they will help solve the problems of mosquito extermination.

For several days. Since his return the boy has apparently been more normal, or, at any rate, the family is relieved about what may have occurred. They dislike the notoriety and have practically closed their doors to callers.

**Recalls Norwegians' Superstitions.**

The manifestations never appear when the boy is asleep. One well-known clairvoyant says that when he saw the boy he was conscious himself of three spirits, two women and a man, hovering about the boy.

Such stories have recalled all manner of superstitions among the old Norwegian settlers and brought out the alleged fact that a grandfather of one of Mount Horeb's oldest citizens asserted he had seen the last survivor of the bill folk, before that interesting people disappeared from Norway, sitting on a greenward playing on his fairy oboe. Memories of "Vise Knut" (Wise Knut), the hero of

Rjornson's story of that title, are also recalled.

The case is attracting the attention of scientists and societies of psychic research from far and near, but the boy is becoming shy of visitors and frequently cries when they come.

**PAIN IN THE STOMACH.**

It is most annoying, as well as disagreeable, to be troubled with pains in the stomach, and there is no need of it, for one dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy will allay the pain. Try it once and be convinced. For sale by all dealers. Benson, Smith & Co., Ltd., agents for Hawaii.

Thirty-seven years ago today, Captain Berger arrived in Honolulu. Practically ever since he has been before the public and has been officially connected with most public functions and historical events in the country.